The Department of Music

of the

University of Alberta

presents

KATHERINE JOHNSON

SOPRANO

ALEXANDRA MUNN

ACCOMPANIST

VISITING ARTISTS SERIES

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Thursday, January 9, 1986 at 8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Disprezzata Regina -
L'Incoronazione di Poppea, Act I, Scene 3 (1642)

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567 - 1643)

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
Op. 98a, No. 5 (1849)

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Op. 98a, No. 9 (1849)

Robert Schumann

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Hugo Wolf
(1860 - 1903)

Das verlassene Magdelein (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Mignon II (1888)

Hugo Wolf

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INTERMISSION

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567 - 1643)

L'INCORONAZIONE DI POPPEA, Act I, Scene 3 (1642)

Disprezzata Regina,
del monarca Romana afflitta moglie.
Che fo? Ove son? Che penso?
O delle donne miserabil sesso!
Se la natura e'l Cielo
libere ci produce,
il matrimonio c'incatena serve.
Se concepimo l'huomo,
O delle donne miserabil sesso,
al nostr'empio tiran formiam le membra,
allattiamo il carnefice crudele,
che ci scarna, e ci svena,
e siam costrette
per l'indegna sorte
a' noi medesme fabbricar la morte.

Nerone, empio Nerone, O Dio,
marito bestemmiato pur sempre
e maledetto dai cordogli miei,
dove, ohime, dove sei?

In braccio di Poppea,
tu dimori felice e godi e intanto
il frequente cader de' pianti miei
pur va quasi formando
un diluvio di specchi in qui tu miri
dentro alle tue delitie i miei martiri.
Destin, se stai la su
Giove ascoltami tu.
Se per punir Nerone
fulmini tu non hai d'impotenza t'accuso
d'ingiustizia t'incolpo.

Ahi, trapasso tropp'oltre, e me ne pento,
Supprimo e seppelisco
in taciturne angoscie il mio tormento.

Scorned Empress,
afflicted wife of Rome's Emperor.
What am I doing here? Where am I?
What do I think of?
O miserable race of women!

Nero, wicked Nero. O ye Gods,
Husband for ever cursed
by my suffering
where are you now?

In Poppea's arms
where you find joy and happiness
while my ceaseless weeping, my tears
in the midst of your pleasure
make a mirror for you
to see my anguish.
Destiny, if you exist, awake,
and Jove, hear my prayer!
If you have no thunderbolts
to punish Nero, I accuse you,
you are impotent and unjust.

Ah! but I do blaspheme and do repent.
I contain my grief
and bury my torment in silent anguish.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810 - 1856)

HEISS' MICH NICHT REDEN

Heiss' mich nicht reden, heiss' mich schweigen!
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht!
Ich mochte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.
Heiss' mich nicht reden, heiss' mich schweigen!
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgonnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborg'nen Quellen,
Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh'.
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur druckt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen,
Nur ein Gott!
Heiss' mich nicht reden, heiss' mich schweigen!
Ein Schwur druckt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen!

BID ME NOT SPEAK

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent!
For my secret is duty to me!
Gladly would I show you my deepest feelings,
But fate decrees it cannot be.
Bid me not speak, bid me be silent!
At the right time the sun's course drives away
The somber night, and it must turn to light.
The hard rock opens then its bosom,
Does not deny the earth the deeply hidden springs.
Everyone seeks rest in his friend's arms,
And there the heart can pour out its lament;
But by an oath my lips are sealed,
And only a God has the power to unlock them,
Only a God!
Bid me not speak, bid me be silent!
By an oath my lips are sealed,
And only a God is able to unlock them.

SO LASST MICH SCHEINEN, BIS ICH WERDE

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schonen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Hause.
Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille

Dann offnet gich der frische Blick,
Ich lasse dann die reine Hulle,

Den Gurtel und den Kranz zuruck.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,

Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklarten Leib.
Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Muhe,
Doch fuhlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genung;
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu fruhe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung.

LET ME PRETEND THUS, TILL FULFILMENT

Let me pretend thus, until fulfilment,
Do not take off my white garment!
I hurry from the lovely earth
Downwards into that solid house.
There I shall rest a little while in silence
Then a new vista shall open;
And then I shall leave the unsullied raiment,
The girdle and the wreath behind.
And those celestial shapes above
Are not concerned whether one is a man or a women
And no garments and no folds
Surround the transfigured body.
Though I lived without care and trouble,
Yet I felt enough of deep pain;
From sorrow I turned old too early,
Make me forever young again.

HUGO WOLF (1860 - 1903)

ICH HAB IN PENNA EINEN LIEBSTEN WOHNEN

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
in der Maremmenebne einen andern,
einen im schonen Hafen von Ancona,
zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
der nachste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
und wieder einen hab ich in Magione,
vier in La Fratta,
zehn in Castiglione.

I HAVE A LOVER TRUE

I have a lover true who lives in penna,
and one in the Maremma plain o'er yonder,
one by the sunny harbour of Ancona,
to meet the fourth I'll to Viterbo wander;
another dwells in Casentino near,
the next one lives in my own village
and still another have I in Magione, here,
four in La Fratta,
ten in Castiglione.

DAS VERLASSENE MAGDELEIN

Fruh, wann die Hahne krahn,
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zunden.
Schon ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken,
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.
Plotzlich, da dommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Getraum et habe.
Trane auf Trane dann
Sturzet hernieder,
So kommt der Tag heran,
O ging er wieder!

THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN

Early, at cock-crow,
Ere the stars vanish,
I must be at the hearth
To kindle the fire.
Lovely is the gleam of the flame,
The sparks fly upward;
I gaze therein,
Sunk deep in sorrow.
Suddenly I realize,
Faithless boy,
That throughout the night
I have been dreaming of you.
Then tear after tear
Streams down my face . . .
So dawns the day,
O, would that it were ended!

MIGNON

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluhn,
In dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen gluhn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin mocht ich mit dir, o mein
Geliebter, ziehn.
Kennst du das Haus? Auf Saulen ruht sein Dach,

Es glanzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an;
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin mocht' ich mit dir, o mein
Beschutzer, zieh'n,
Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Hohlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
Es sturzt der Fels und uber ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl, kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin, dahin geht unser Weg'!
O Vater, lass uns zieh'n!

MIGNON

Knowest thou the land where the lemons bloom;
In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow;
A gentle wind wafts from the azure sky,
The myrtle grows so still, the laurel high,
Dost thou know it perchance?
Yonder! Yonder I want to go with thee, .
oh my beloved.
Knowest thou the house? On columns rests
its roof,
The hall is shining and the chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand and look at me;
What have they done, poor child, to thee?
Dost thou know it perchance?
Yonder! Yonder I want to go with thee,
o my protector
Knowest thou the mountain and its cloudy path
The mule seeks its road in the fog;
In caverns sleeps the dragon's ancient brood,
The rock is falling, and over it the torrent.
Dost thou know it perchance?
Yonder, yonder leads our road!
O father, let us go!

Evocations #1 (1966)

Harry Somers
(b. 1925)

In the dying of anything (1983) (Premiere)

Text: Brian Patten

Malcolm Forsyth
(b. 1936)

Knoxville: Summer of 1915 (1947)

Samuel Barber
(1910 - 1981)

Losing My Mind - Follies (1971)

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Not While I'm Around - Sweeney Todd (1979)

Stephen Sondheim

Not a Day Goes By - Merrily We Roll Along (c. 1981)

Stephen Sondheim

*This concert is being recorded for broadcast by the CBC.

Technical assistance: Garth Hobden

Miss Katherine Johnson grew up in Western Canada where she sang with a church and private choir until the age of eighteen. She received her degree in piano and voice from the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, which was followed by studies in Calgary, Brandon, and New York.

In the fall of 1984, at the age of 29, Miss Johnson made her operatic debut with OPERAWORKS in New York. She received rave reviews for her performance in a one-woman show of a dramatized version of three works by George Crumb, as well as Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro." Other performances include Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni", soprano soloist in the Benjamin Britten "War Requiem". At the Banff Center she sang Fiodiligi in "Cosi Fan Tutte" and Mimi in "La Boheme."

Miss Johnson has been prize winner in several prestigious competitions including the Montreal International Concours and The International Contemporary Opera Competition of New York.